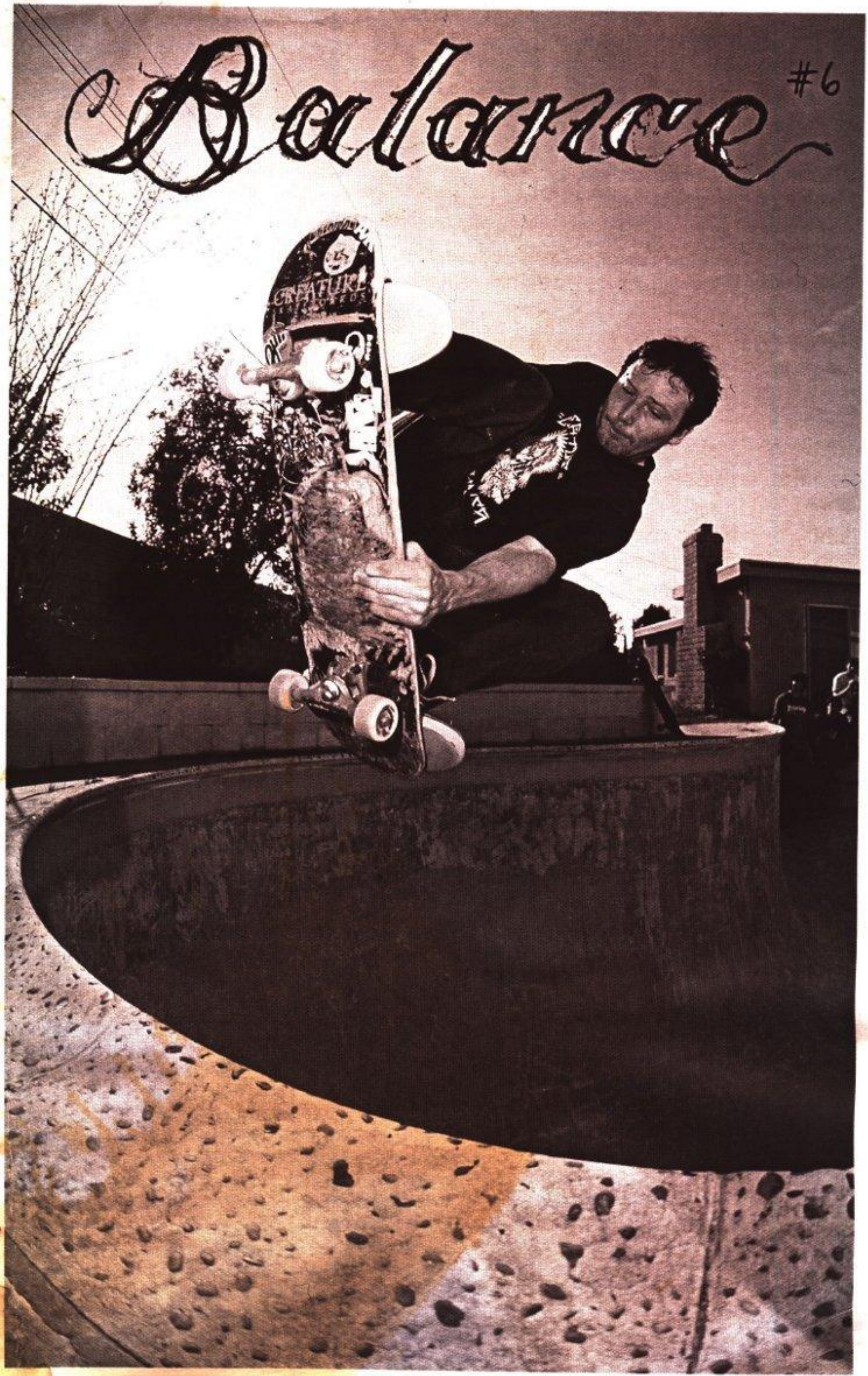
Balance #6



Intro Spiel

What we've got here is our 6th issue of Balance in priht. Here's what it's all about.

"Look Ma, No Hands"
Let's call it the look ma no hands issue. Flying through the air with only your feet touching your skateboard is one of the sickest things to see or feel. Make the board an extension of your body. Alan Gelfand's Frankenstein harkens back to letting go of the handlebars and scaring your mother. You should probably call her.

Termites
I consider these guys my mentors. It's a term of endearment. Before I got my first skateboard or when I was just learning to ollie up curbs, they were learning stuff like hip hop channels. You know, they enjoy carving tile or slashing a pool as much as the next guy but they honed their skills on half pipes 'cause that's what there was.They've been eating wood dust most of their lives.

Fun Mail
Whenever I get a zine, a postcard, a package from a photographer, a letter from our nation's correctional facilities, anything addressed to Balance, Joey P. or Elfer Productions, anything cool, my wife refers to it as "fun mail." Fun mail is like gold. Precious. Many thanks to those that still understand the value of the pony express.

BALANCE
6th issue in print

contributors
Arthur "Bud" Baum, Blare Burkhart, Andrew "Land Pirate" Clark, Lori Enriquez, Geoff Graham, Jerry Hahn, Darin Hoopes, Scott Hughes, Phil Jackson, Dave Libhart, Travis Millard, Jack Ortiz, Mister Pea, Joseph Peleckis, Joey Pianello, Chris "Rhino" Rooney, Bryan Ryan, Dan Tag

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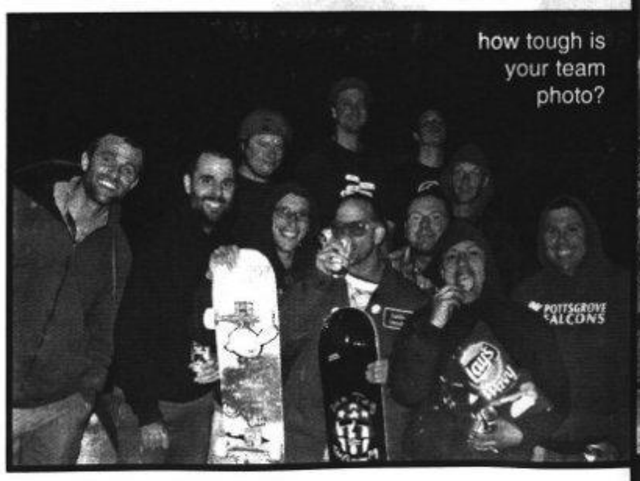
19128

balanceskatemag.com

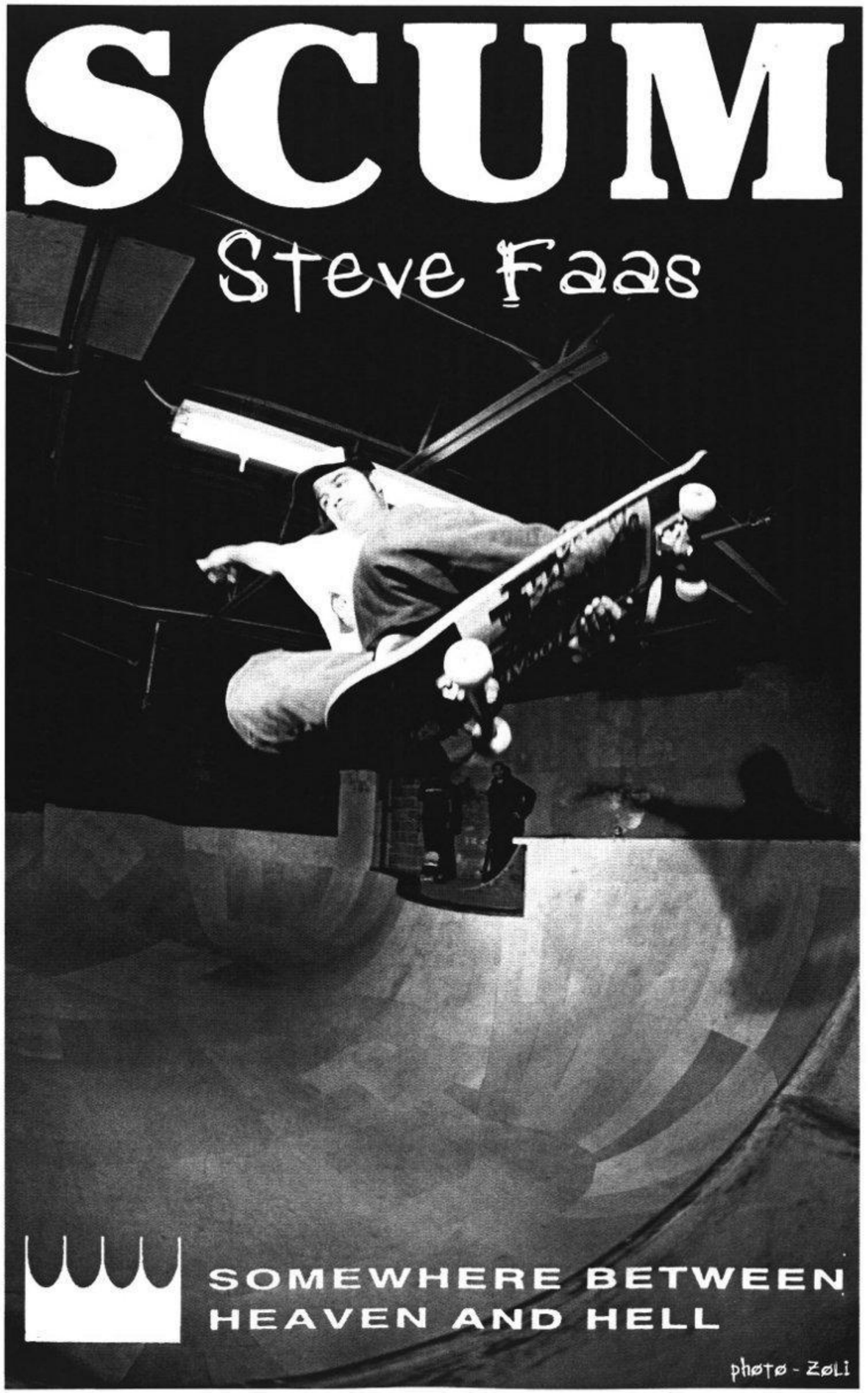
on this page
Bud's 47th birthday party made us attempt to re-live the Alva posse photos of yesteryear. Snapshot care of Lori Enriquez

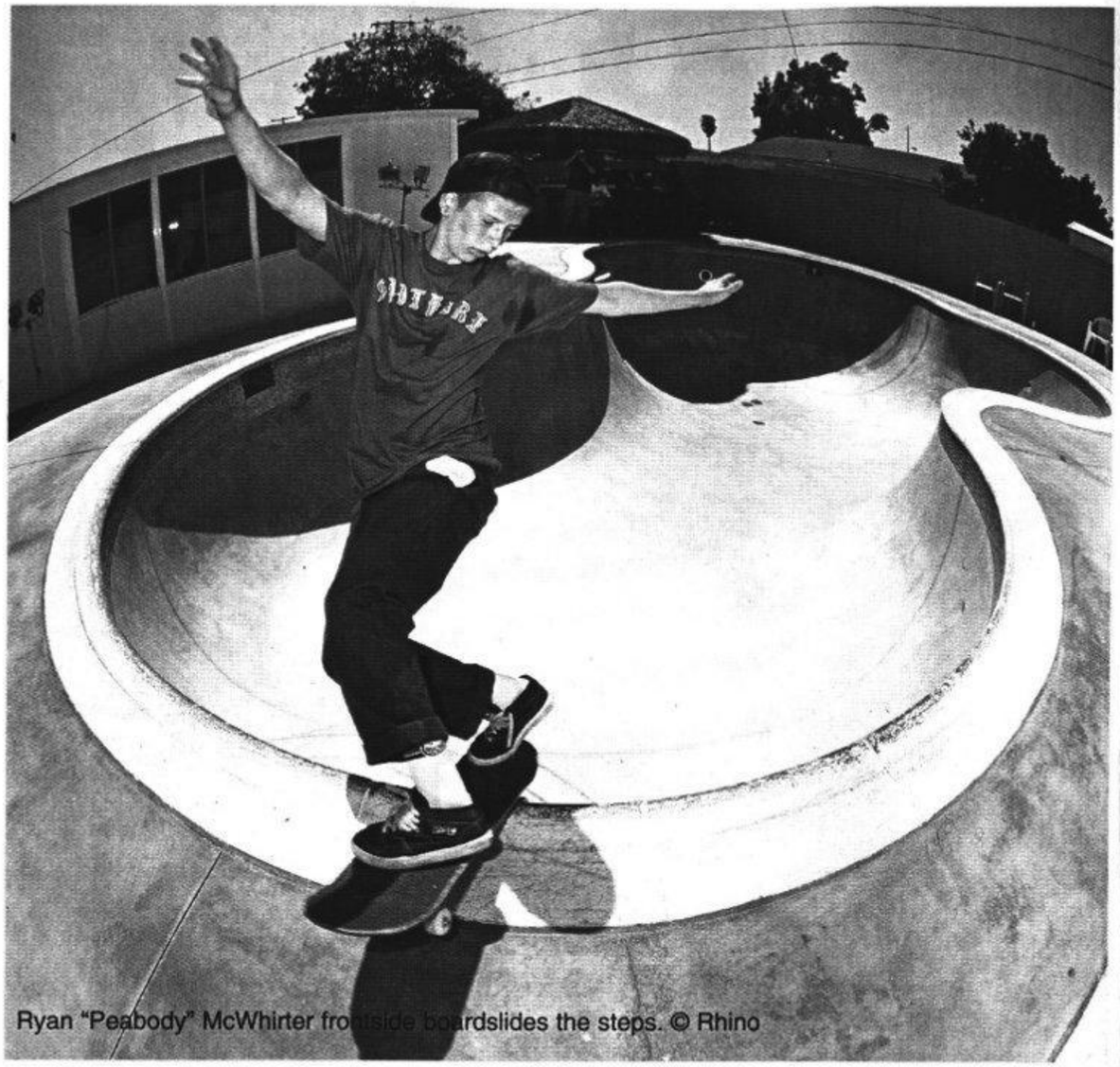
on the cover
Dig, if you will, the exposed aggregate in the coping on the cover. That's Craig Whitehead going indy to fakie. Photo © Rhino. The Balance lettering was done by Jack Ortiz.



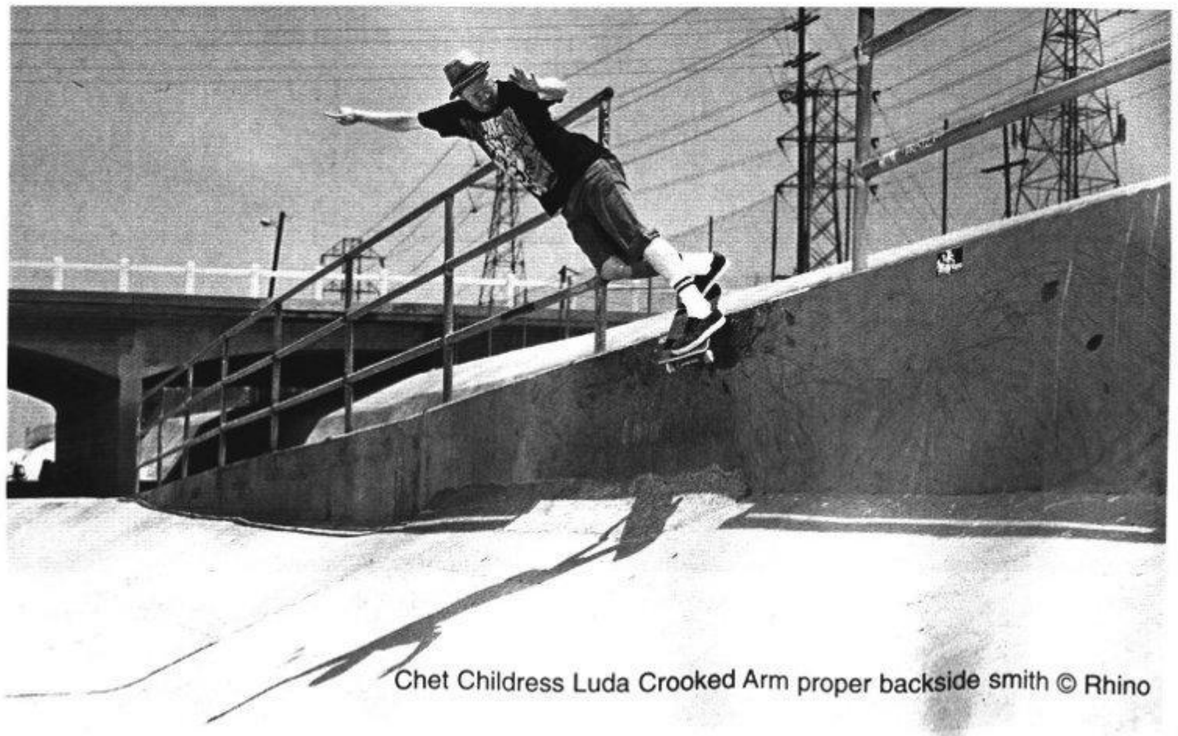
how tough is your team photo?

© Elfer Productions 2008

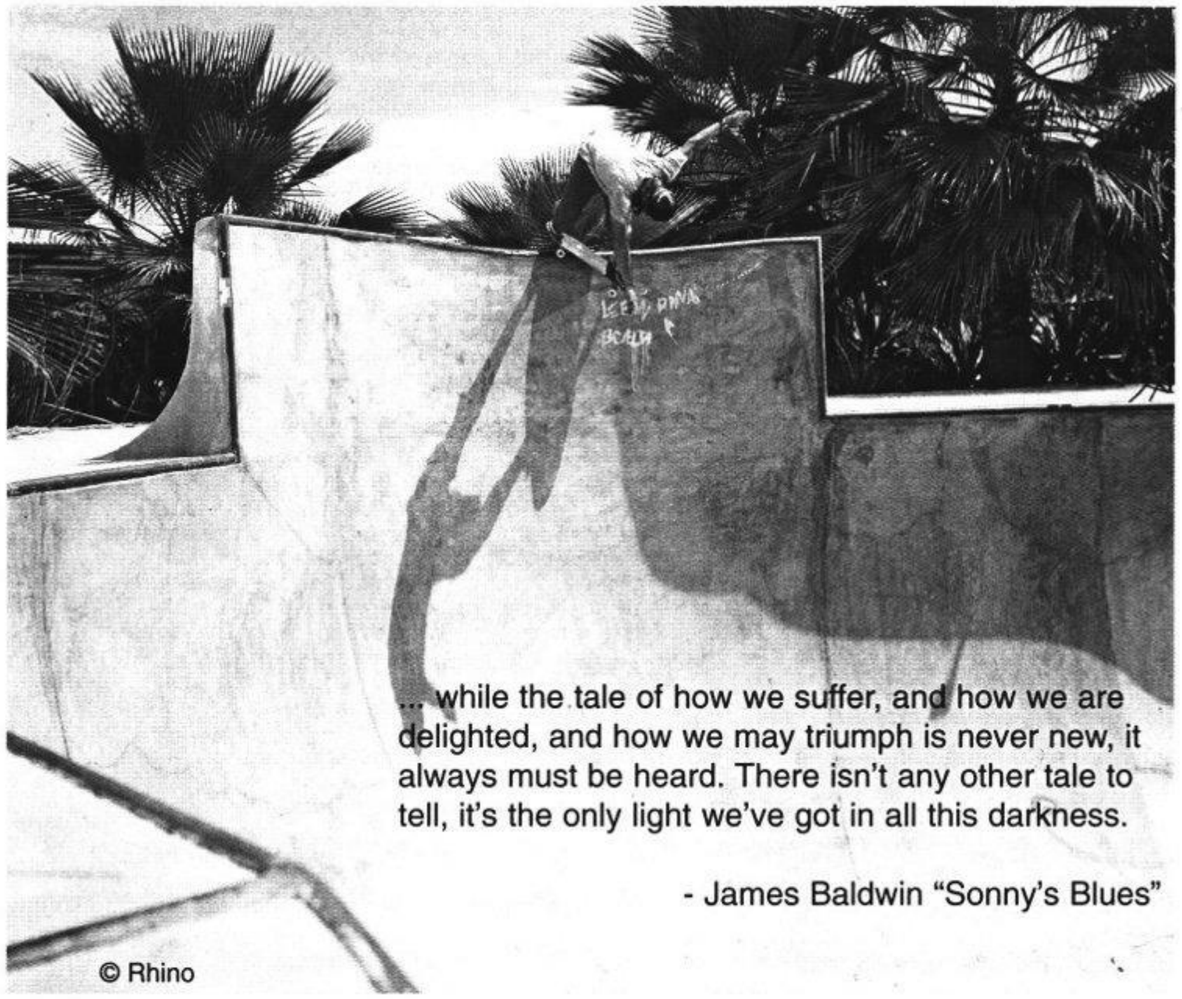




Ryan "Peabody" McWhirter frontside boardslides the steps. © Rhino



Chet Childress Luda Crooked Arm proper backside smith © Rhino

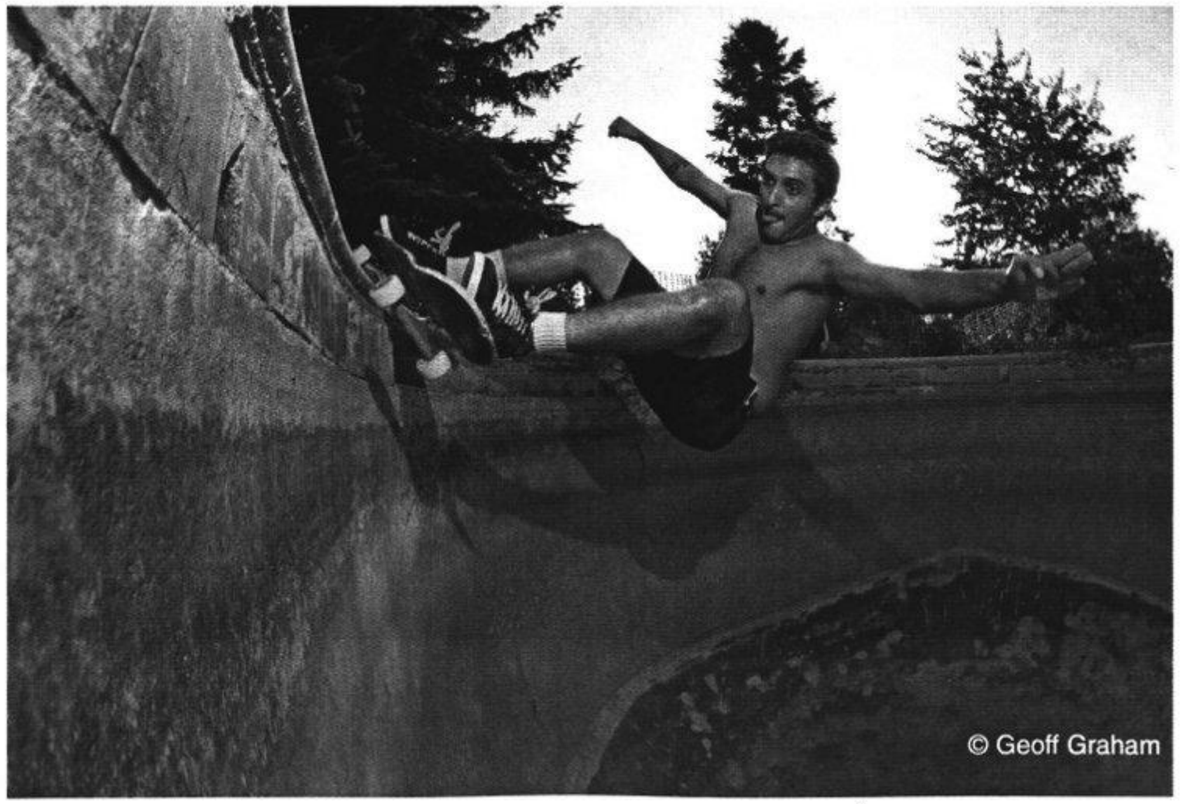


... while the tale of how we suffer, and how we are delighted, and how we may triumph is never new, it always must be heard. There isn't any other tale to tell, it's the only light we've got in all this darkness.

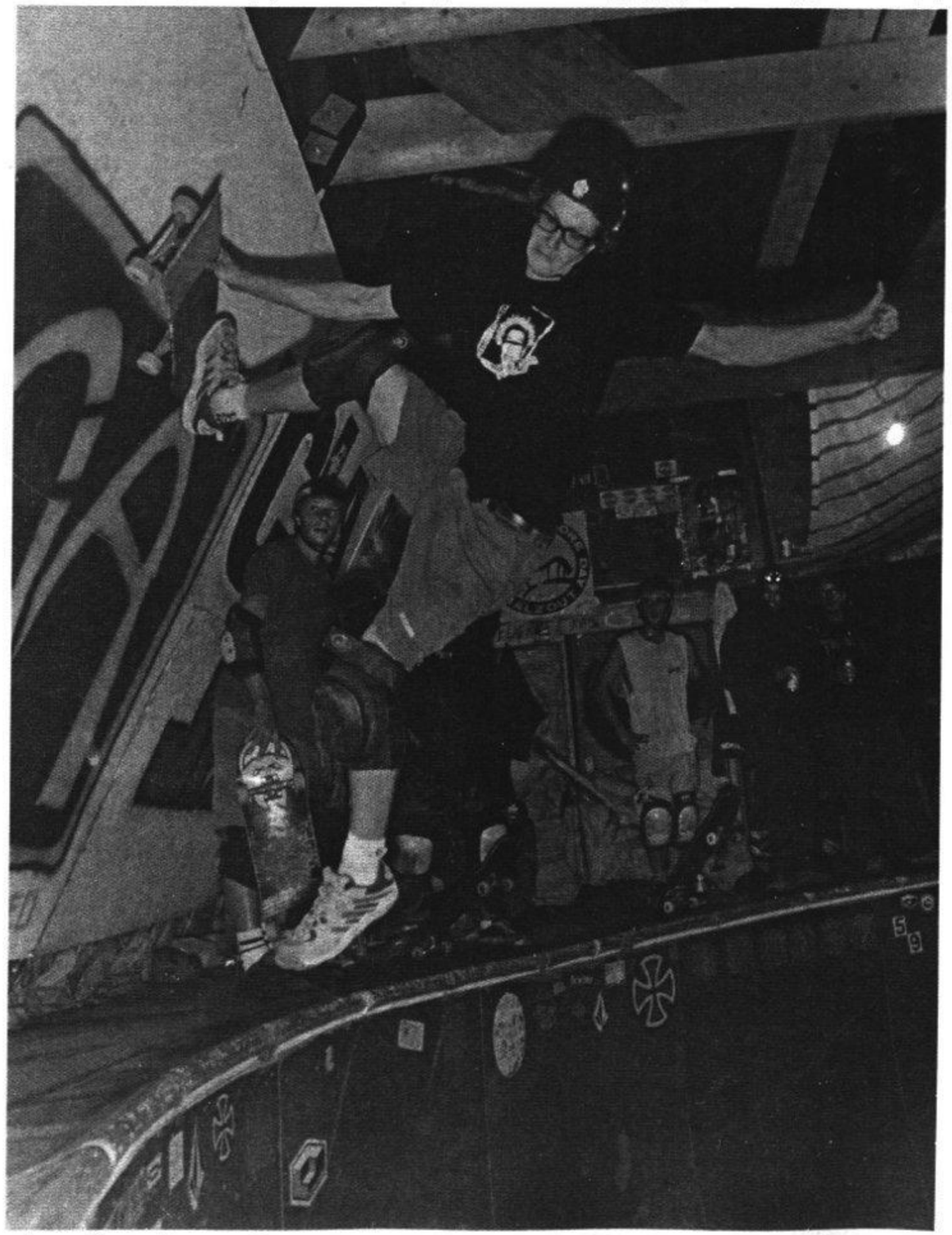
- James Baldwin "Sonny's Blues"

© Rhino

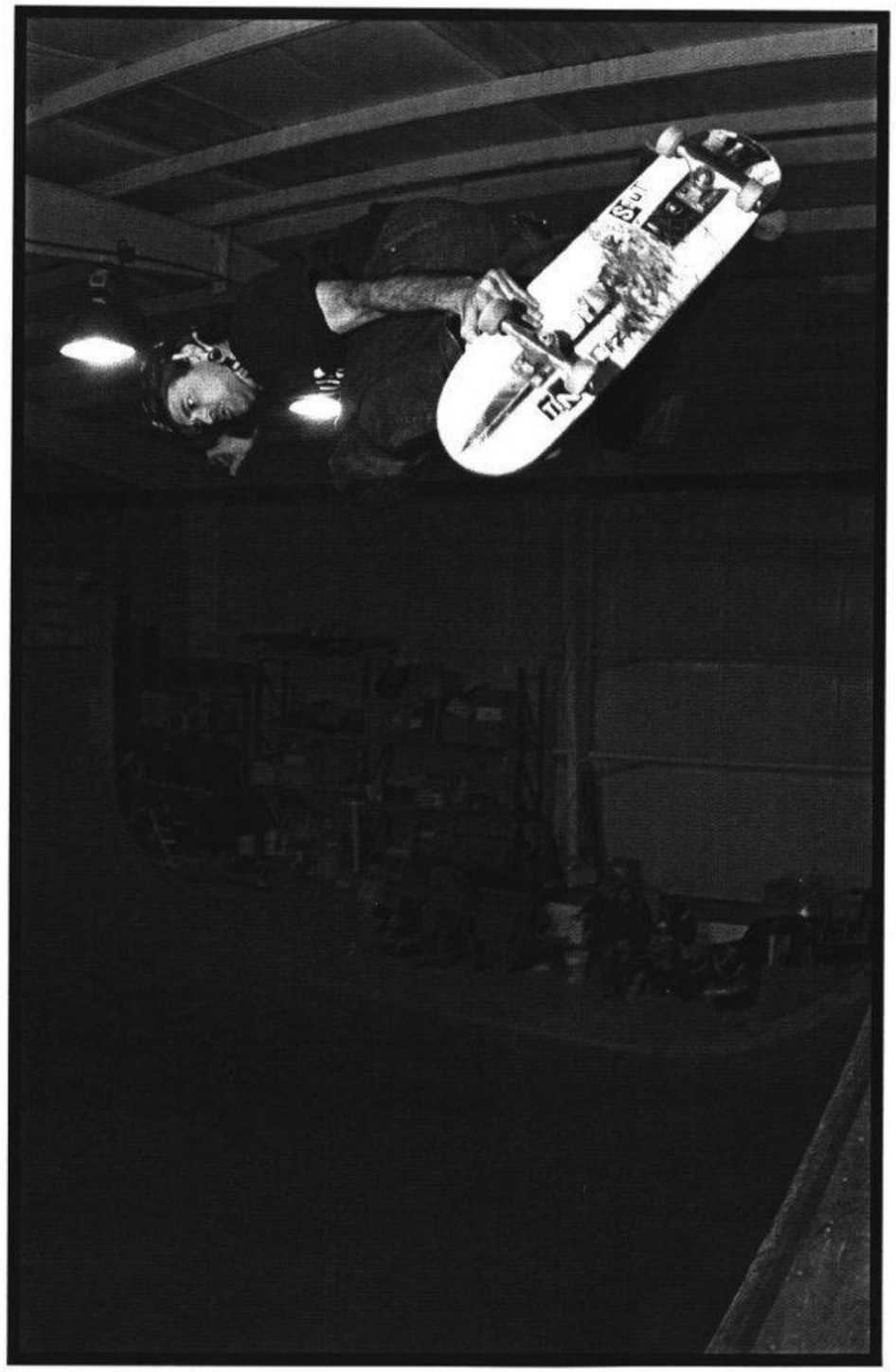
From made-to-skate beauties, d.i.y. ditch enhancements, tropical mega parks, to crusty East coast pools. This is this. Aaron Astorga goes backside way up high and the Confessor gets over a box.



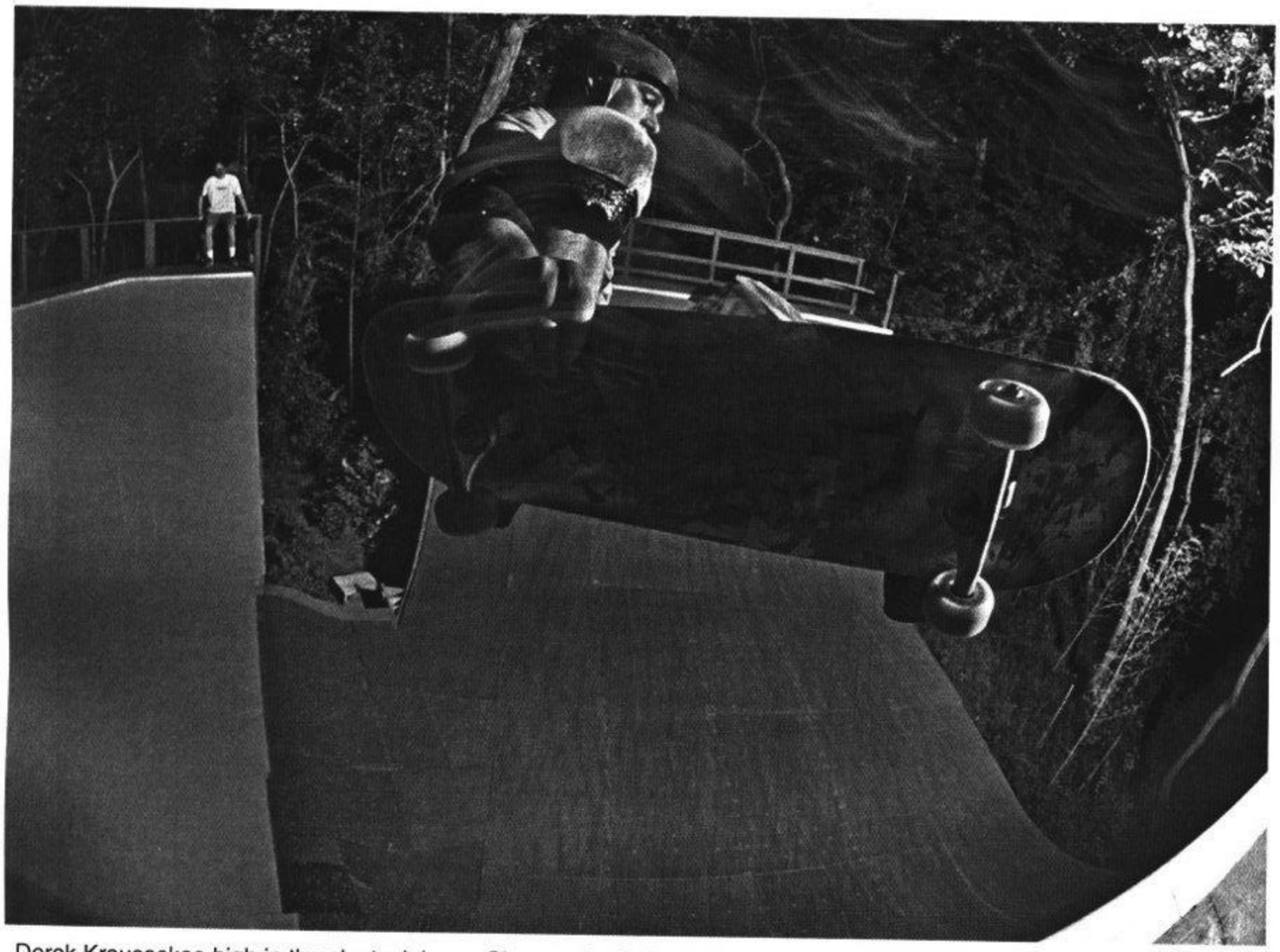
© Geoff Graham



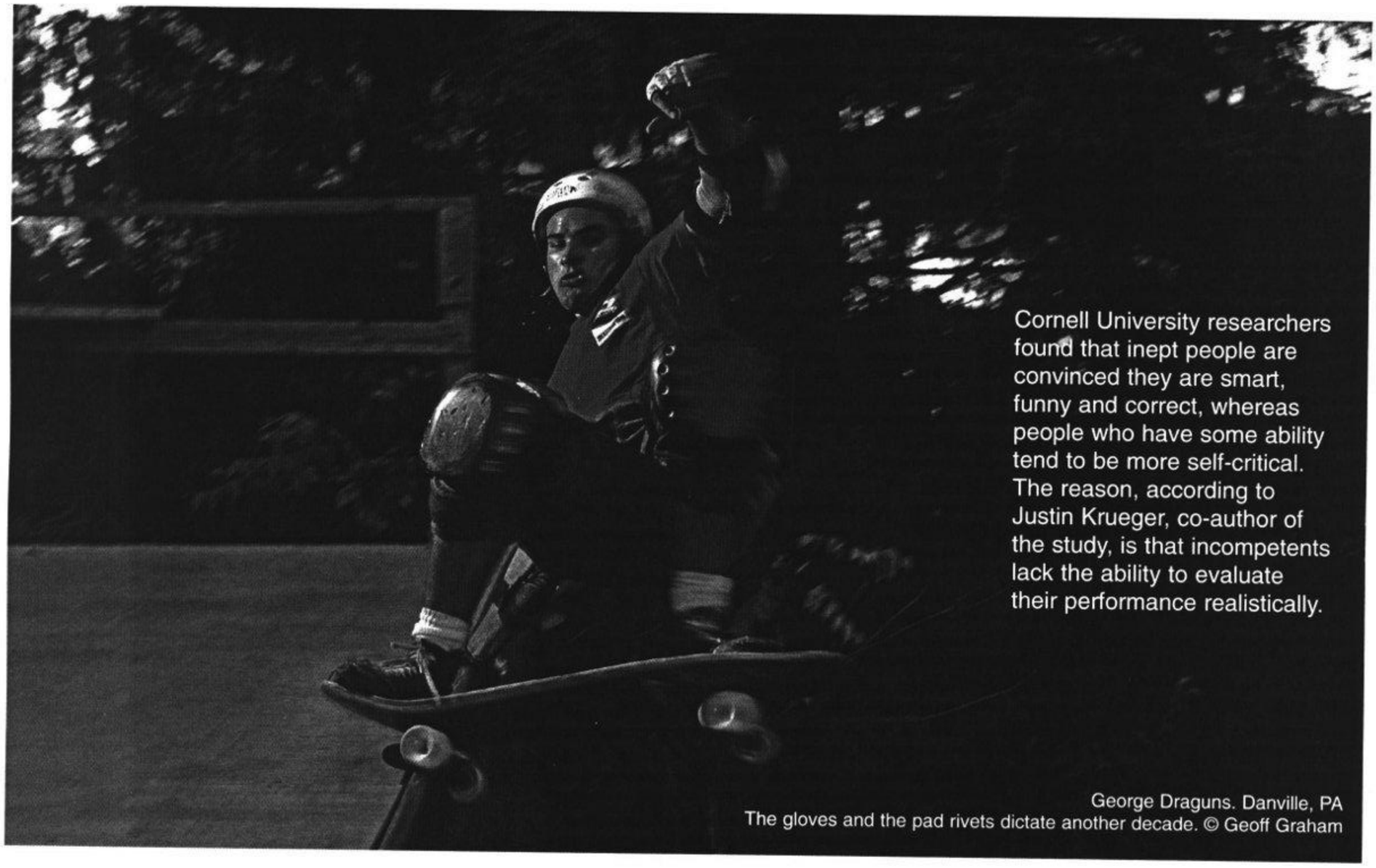
Boneless roof bash from a previous century. The one and only Science Fair Boy - Mr. Maxwell. His left hand says it all. Skatopia 1999 Photo © Jerry Hahn negativeion.com. (Bonus: check who's on deck coming from the deep)



Carlos chucks a Thursday night biggie at Finn's. Photo © Land Pirate



Derek Krausaskas high in the sky tuck knee, Chaumpa's. © Geoff Graham



Cornell University researchers found that inept people are convinced they are smart, funny and correct, whereas people who have some ability tend to be more self-critical. The reason, according to Justin Krueger, co-author of the study, is that incompetents lack the ability to evaluate their performance realistically.

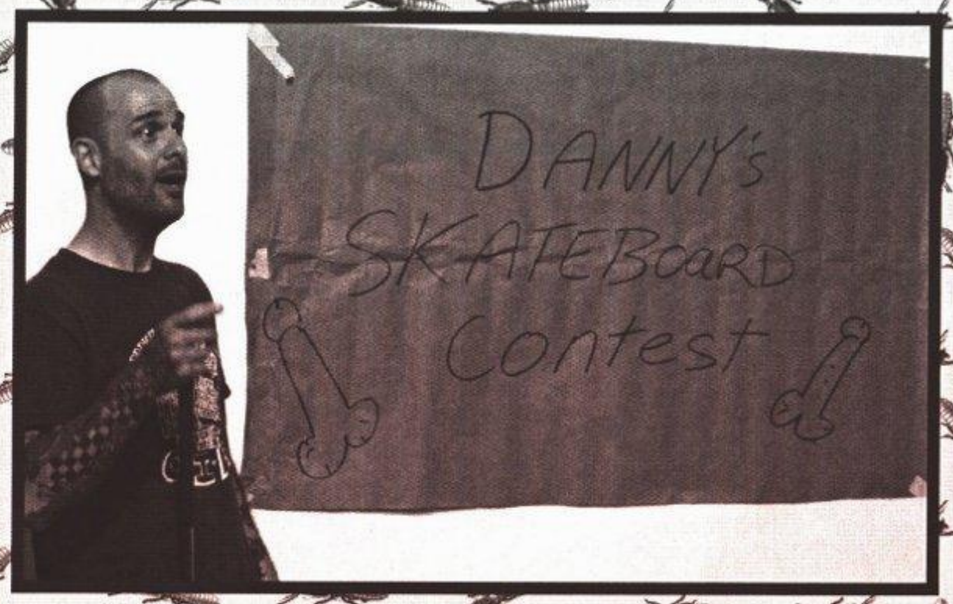
George Draguns. Danville, PA
The gloves and the pad rivets dictate another decade. © Geoff Graham

Adam Benson rocks the punkest portion of the CIA wall. FDR Park Phila. Photo © Land Pirate

Adam Alfaro and Dave Moyer go all, "look ma, no hands" in Philly. Photos © Land Pirate

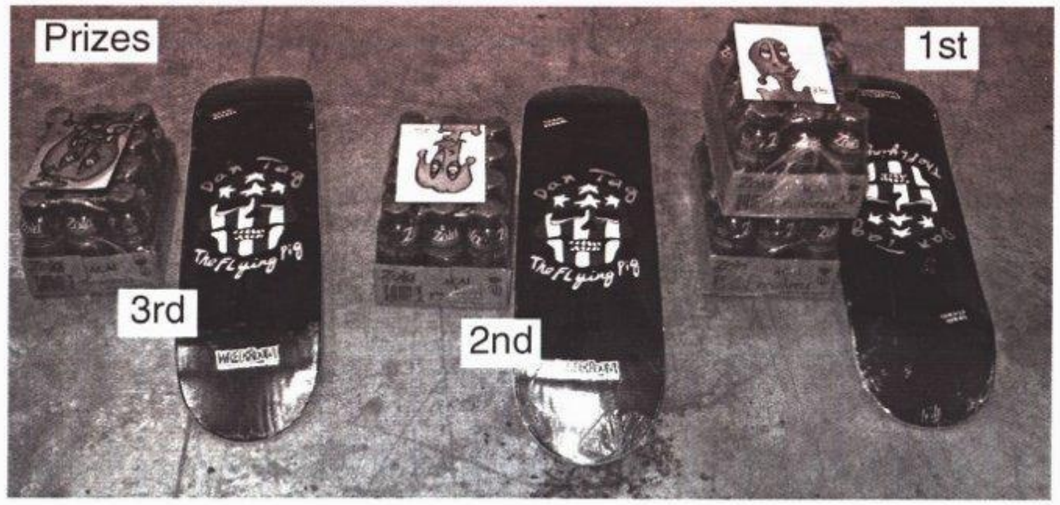
This here is a Grant Helfman lien air at Chaumpa's. Maryland. © Geoff Graham

termites

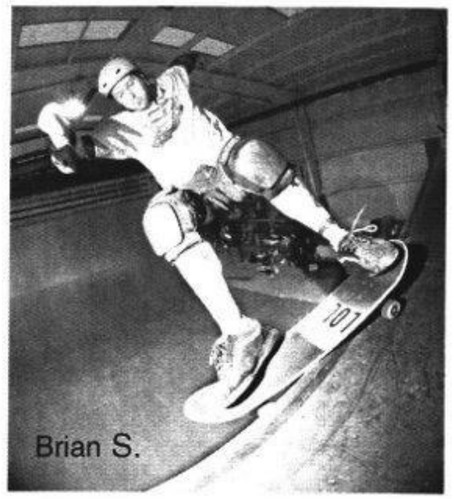


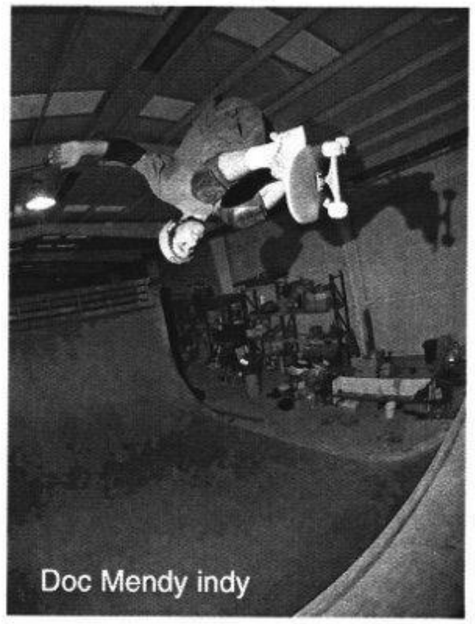
goofy photos and words by Joey Pianello

It's always good to have friends that like to spice up a session. My buddy Grant always chooses some gnarly trick that everyone has to try. Dave Lambert used to drop in on a different pool block every run or do as many rock'n rolls (or smith grinds) in a row that he could. Break up the monotony with a little monotony, you know? Dan Tag usually incorporates some sort of joke or performance into a session. He gets into it so much it's hard to tell if he's joking or not. For example, one night he assigned everyone a number, and got everyone to shout and cheer for your number when you took a run. On 3 June 2008 Danny made our standard session into a contest, a "real fake contest" as he later described it. We showed up at the ramp to find three piles, each containing a Dan Tag original painting, a flying pig skateboard deck, and one or more cases of Zola juice drink. Tag was standing there with a golf club explaining, "The rules are ... you're not skating against each other (mind you). You're skating against yourself! Because only I



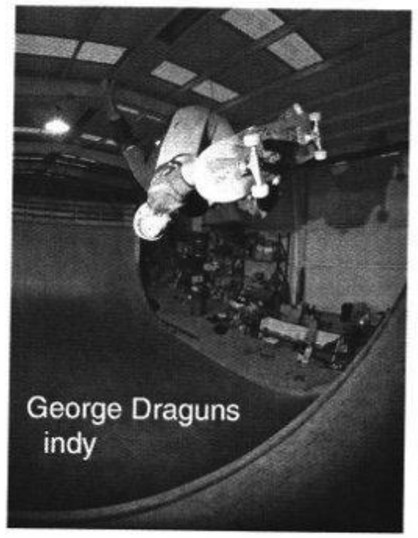
know how rad each of you guys all are. I know your runs inside and out ... If you bail, you can get a rebate. During the sesh-wan, all you gotta do is say this is your contest run. You get three runs tonight. Any time, any run, you just gotta let me know, this is the contest run." To make things even more interesting, a group of Maple Shade locals came to skate that night and they showed up just as Tag was explainging the rules. Of course Tag made them participate. Draguns played along and resisted the idea at the same time, hollering back at Danny, saying contests were bullshit, he was a soul skater. Then he'd yell "this is my contest run" as he rode across


Brian S.

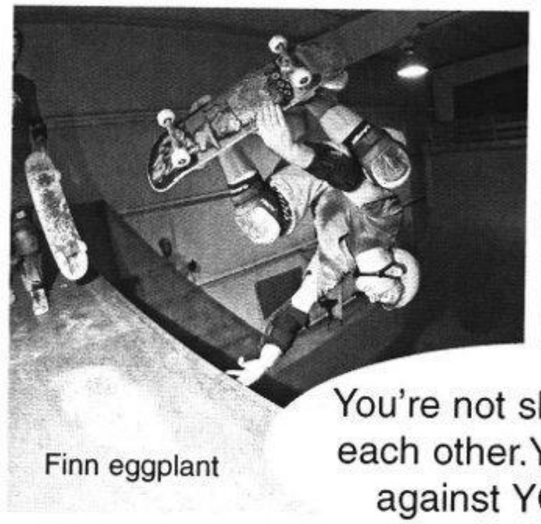

Doc Mendy indy

the flat into a boosted indy air. Draguns tossed up the frontside invert in his first few runs and then posted up by the beer cooler. Grant was ripping right off an injury. Doc Menditto outshined us all, to no surprise. You could tell he was really pushing himself when he whipped out the over-turned ollie to truck and started spinning McTwists. Tag kept a score sheet and would write down a percentage for each of our three contest runs. It was completely silly and yet I would get nervous butterflies when I told him I was taking a contest run. I tried changing my 75 to a 25 but Danny still awarded me a prize in the end. We had a winners' podium and I dumped beer on Darren's head and it was the best contest ever. Totally hot. Do something ridiculous and the crew gets hyped.

Tag's magic carpet ride.

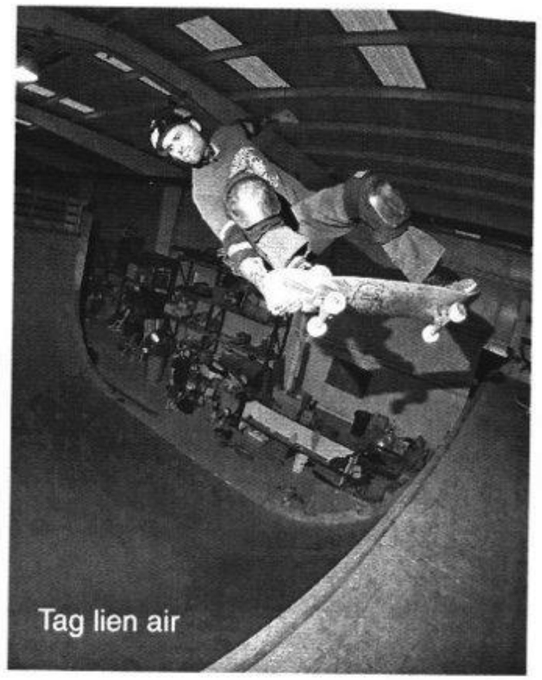

George Draguns indy

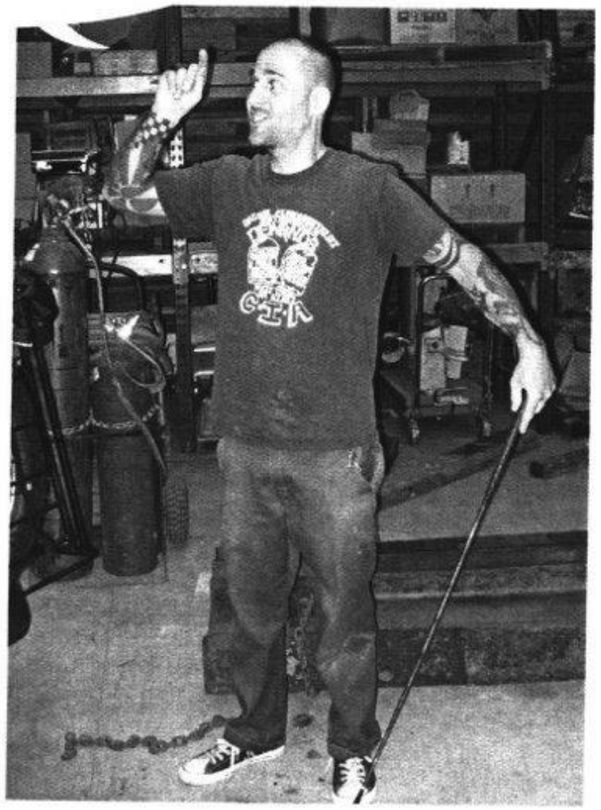
Brian Finn


Finn eggplant

Darren Menditto stalefish

You're not skating against each other. You're skating against YOURSELF!


Tag lien air



Skate Photos © Bryan Ryan
RadPhotog.com

If this doesn't make you want to blast, I reckon nothing will.

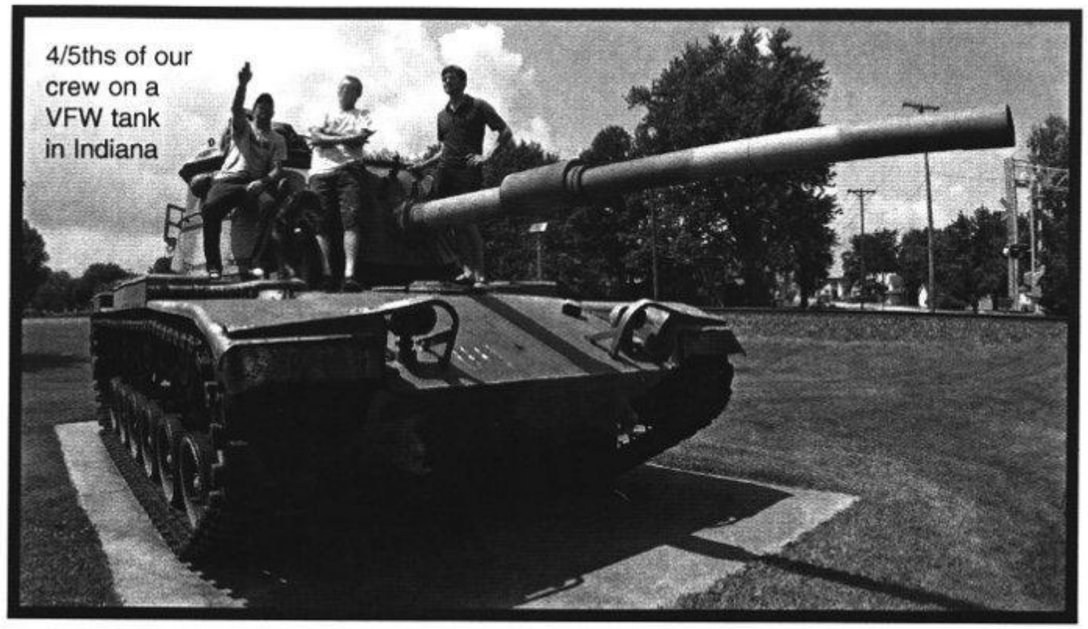
When you ask for 63mm wheels at the shop and the kids look at you like you're nuts, show them this. Tell them, *this* is what *I* want to do before I die.

Christian Hosoi
awesome lien air
eyes on the LZ

Kona Nationals
Spring 1991
Jacksonville, FL

photo © Geoff Graham

Balance

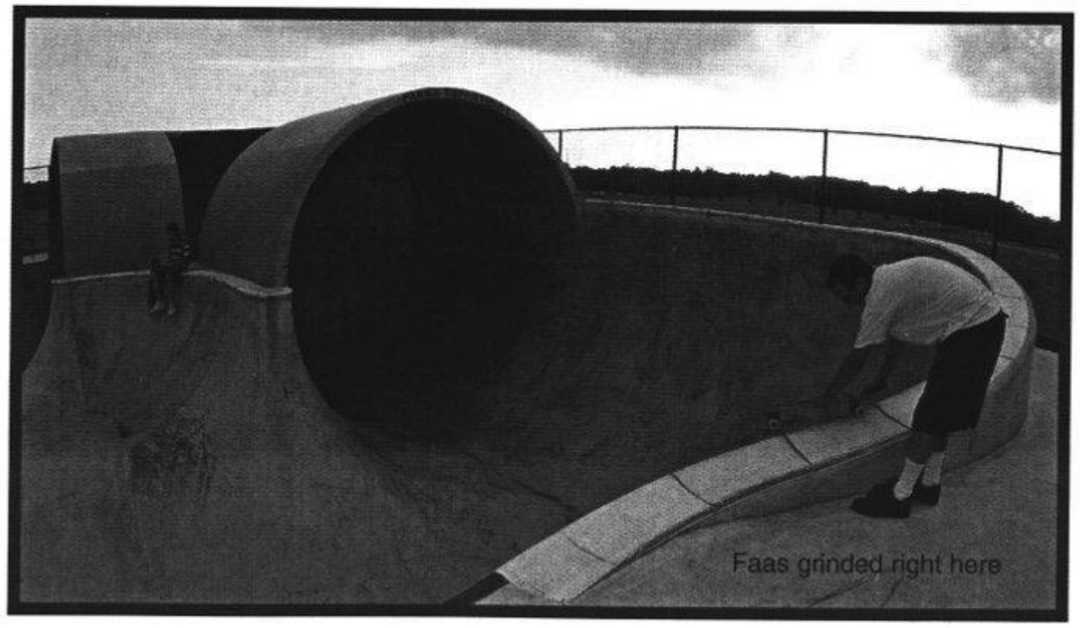


4/5ths of our crew on a VFW tank in Indiana

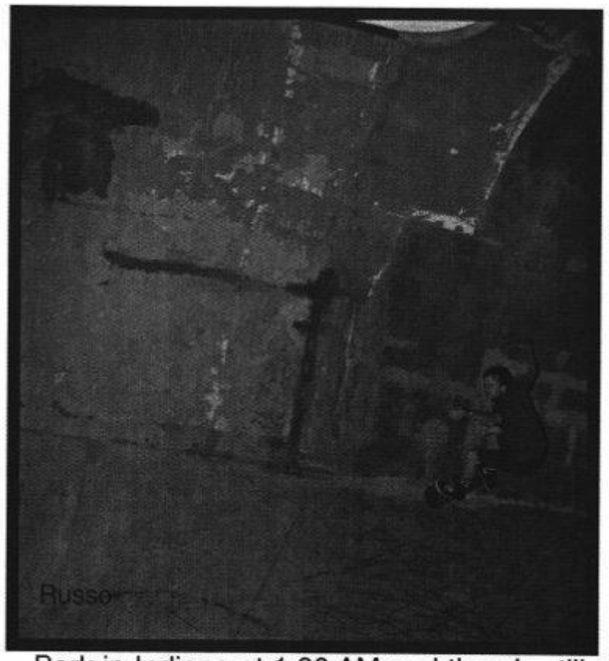
The Road Beckons ...

words by Mr. P. photos by Land Pirate

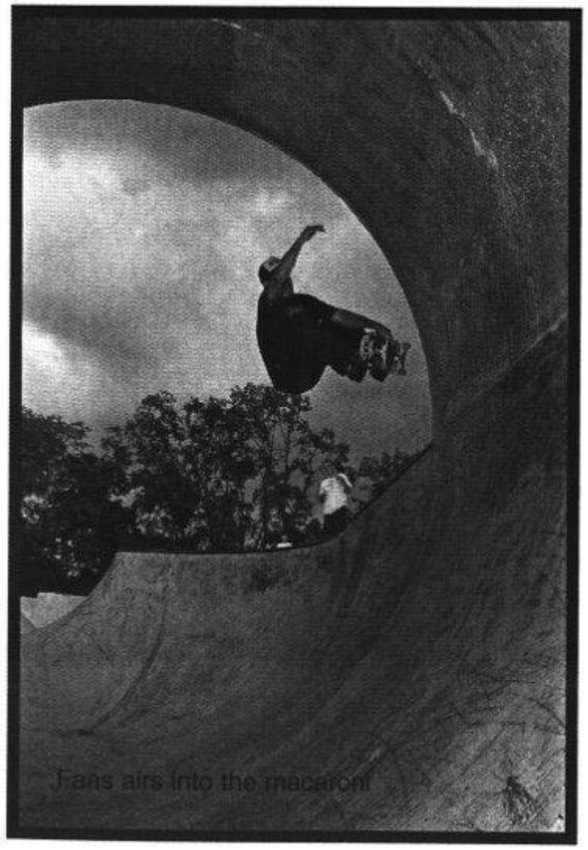
For the past 6 years, my Honda Civic hatchback has been our chariot for most skate missions, especially since Nick Tague moved away. It's a five speed with manual everything. No power steering, no AC, no cruise-control, just the basics. It has been to San Diego and back, Florida and back several times, through the desert at 125 degrees, and all over the South East during maximum muggy humidity. For an overnight skate trip it pretty much maxes out with three skaters plus my dog, four skaters if they're real troopers. Right around my 30th birthday, I think, Fish, Russo, Confessor, and I drove her to Ohio. On another trip I remember Fish and Russo just throwing their baggage away at a rest stop to make room, all three of us laughing hysterically. This year was gonna be different. Early in the Summer, Bud Baum started planting the seeds for a trip to Kokomo, Indiana because he's a full pipe loving freak and he hasn't been there yet. Bud has a work van and we're always hassling him to take us somewhere in it. He almost gave in this time. A long weekend was confirmed and six people agreed to kick in a $100 cash deposit for gas to step inside the van. Two days before departure Bud wigged out and bailed as did a couple others. The worst thing about it was, nobody had a good excuse. Oh well, their loss. Andrew just inherited his brother's luxury car and he and Faas stepped up to the plate. Wasatch and Russo are always down like four flat tires. Blare was hyped too. Waiting for Andrew, my next door neighbor talked my ear off but that was nothing compared to Faas shouting at Andrew and me over the blaring stereo almost all the way to Pittsburgh. It was after 3 AM when we arrived and we were all either drunk or tired or both but we got some runs with the boys in Polish Hill. We got some more turns and tricks the next morning with Mike and then eventually launched a caravan bound for West Virginia. Wheeling. It's a Grindline little Eddie dream wrecker park. You can drop in on a taco there and go down, down, and down again before you get to the deepest part. There was gonna be a fullpipe through the middle but they made a true halpipe instead with pool coping on both sides. Even better. Blare tried to avoid a collision and twisted his knee. Faas explained to him that it's better to just stick out the Heisman hand and crash through the dummies. Anyway, Blare headed home and Russo jumped in with us. We showed up at Summit Lake State Park in Indiana at 1:30 AM and there's still people working the entry booth. Usually when you get to a state park campground in the middle of the night you just find an empty spot and settle up in the morning, right? Not in Indiana. The guy at the gate called in some campground ranger who puts us on Fire Ant mountain in the middle of the blazing sun. Real cool. In the morning we hit the road and it's just cornfield after cornfield after cornfield followed by a church or two. At the end of the line we found the elbow macaroni fullpipe and a liquor store. Steve used to be a bartender, mind you, and he mixed up this margarita fruit juice concoction that we named "liquid stretch." It was just the right thing for white hot concrete in the middle of the sun on a Summer day. Hats off to Eddie and crew for this park too. The best hips, tight trannies, and the elbow macaroni lines for Christ sakes. The next day we stopped in Powell, Ohio to ride that fun little pool that Drewbie and other Team Pain heads built. Sick humbler. Our crew regrouped in the swim club pools across the street. They've got a high dive pool, a water slide, and milfs in bikinis everywhere. What a trip. It takes a lot more planning and arm twisting than it used to but it's good to round up the crew and go 'cause the road still beckons. And this time we had comfy seats, AC, and cruise-control. We're definitely winning.



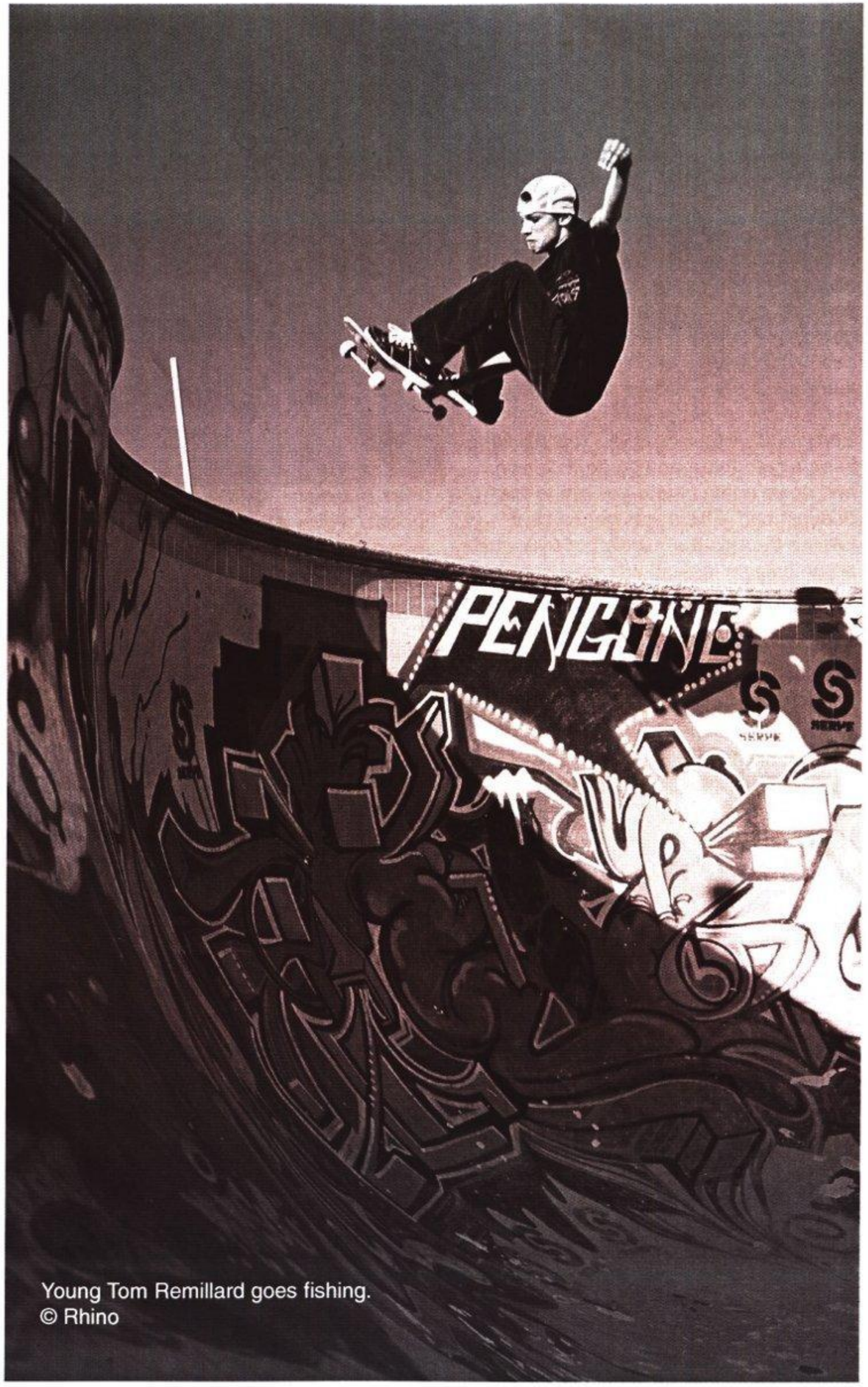
Faas grinded right here



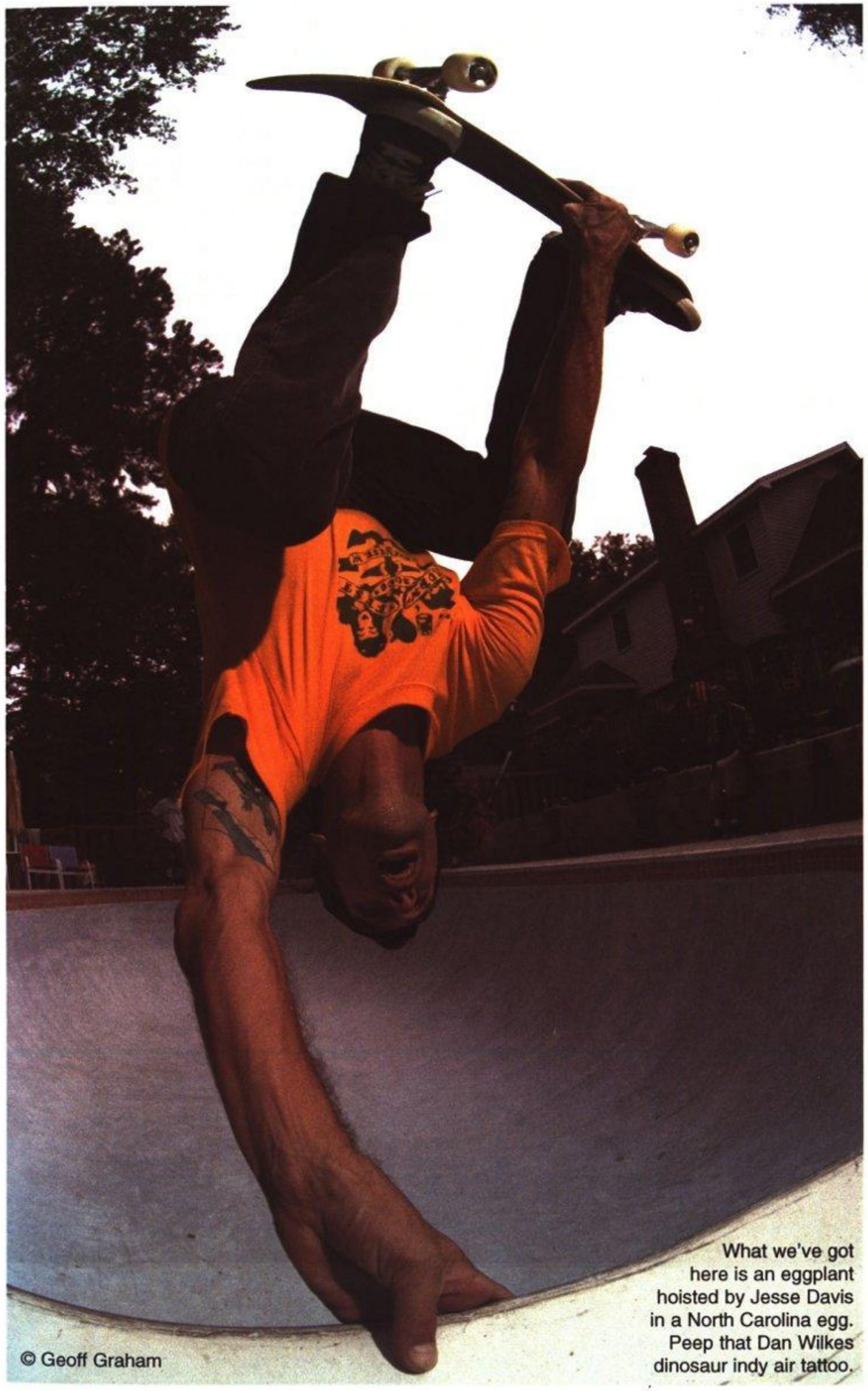
Russo



Faas airs into the macaroni



Young Tom Remillard goes fishing.
© Rhino



What we've got here is an eggplant hoisted by Jesse Davis in a North Carolina egg. Peep that Dan Wilkes dinosaur indy air tattoo.

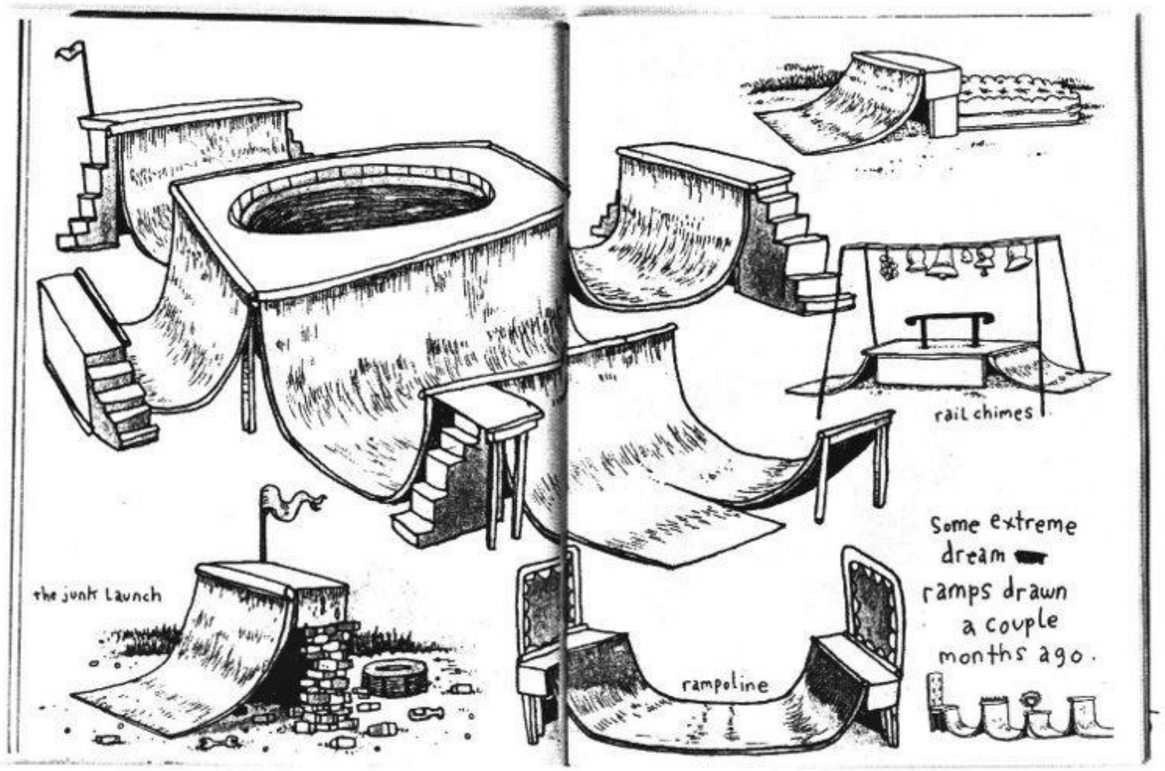
© Geoff Graham

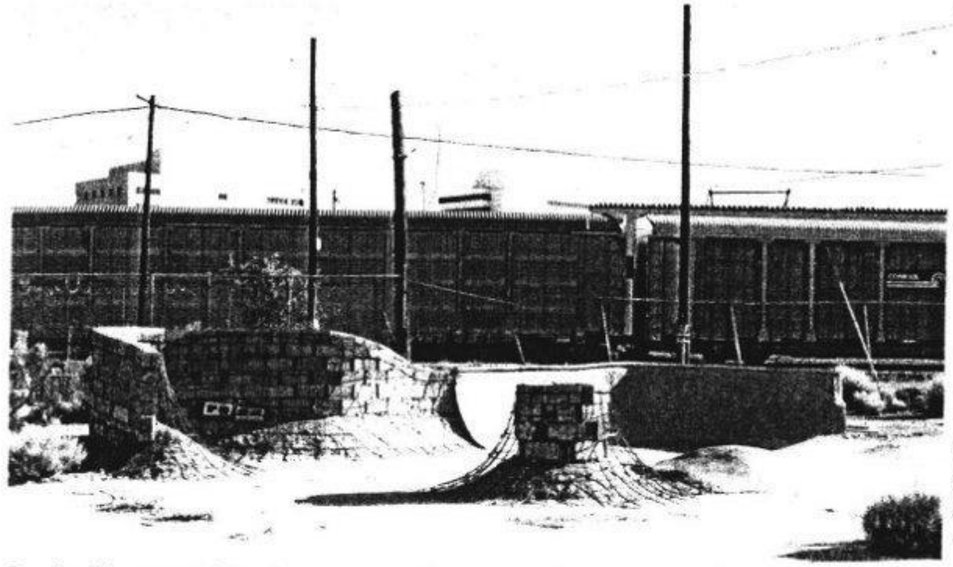
Adrian Mallory. Mammoth, CA. © Rhino

Tom Boyle. Ocean City, MD. © Geoff Graham

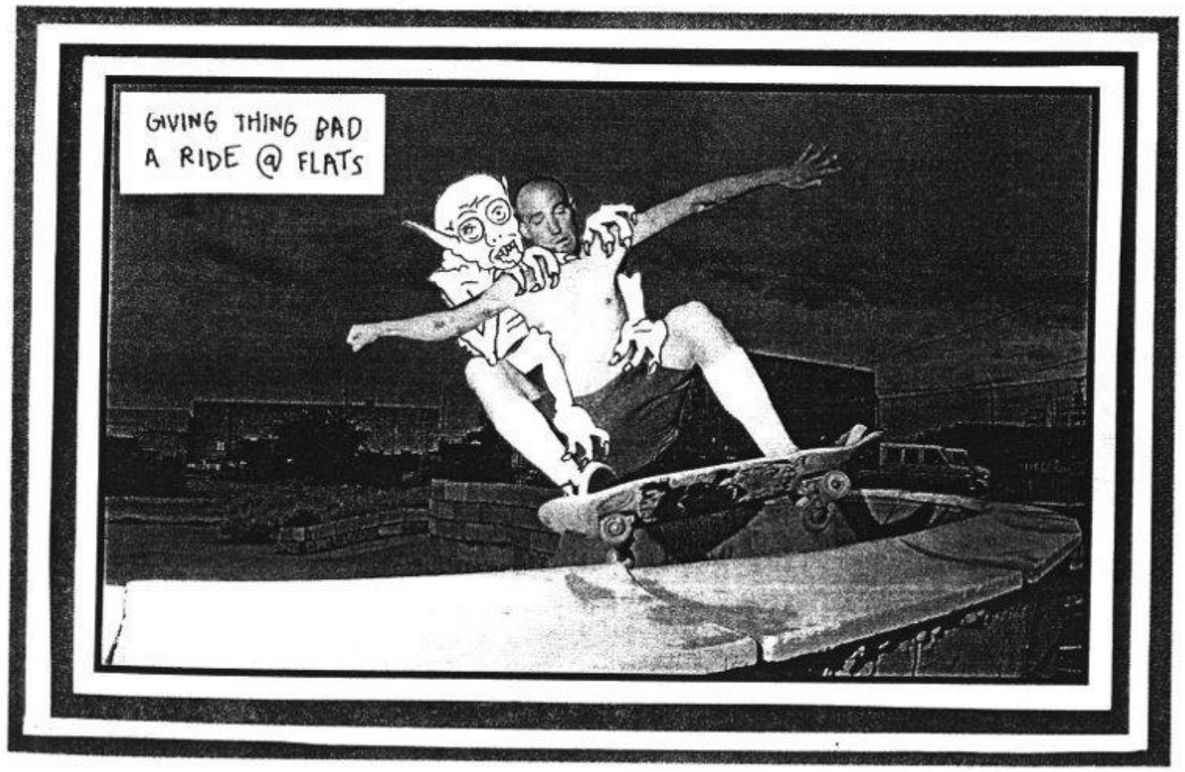
Zines

I read an interview with Travis Millard years back in "Keg Party" or "Programmed From India." Then I saw a bunch of his work in that "Volcomics" book that came with *Thrasher* one month. So I went on Travis' web site and wrote to him. When you make a zine, sometimes you send it out requesting a trade and it just vanishes in the abyss. Travis made all those vanishing acts worth it. He sent the most killer package of zines, stickers, incredible, mind blowing, hilarious stuff. Here's a mere sampling of what he sent. The eagle cough is a sticker he made and Extreme Dream ramps appeared in "Hello. are you for real dawg?" Check out more of his work at FudgeFactoryComics.com.





Darin Hoopes has been sending me photocopied treasure for years. Lately he's been making this zine called "Thing Bad" and it is the best. From a zine maker's perspective it is completely over the top. Stitched binding, impressive use of spot colors, stencils, screenprints, every issue is something else. His illustrations and comics are hilarious, and they're especially impressive when he weaves them together with his photos to form a narrative, or when he uses his skills with an ex-acto knife to blend the composition between photo and drawing. From a skater's perspective it's equally legit. Each one is chock full of pools, bucketing humor, followed by pools, and more pools. Recent issues contain illustrated do-it-yourself how-to's and supply lists for building renegade spots, making your own pool coping, etc. Throw in some beer cans, stories about quitting his job to go on a skate trip, and you know this one lands close to my heart. It's the total package. Send money, lots of it, to Darryl Dirt Weed 87 San Marcos St. Austin, Texas 78702.



FOUR PIECES OF STOLEN SAHARA COPING RIGHT SMACK DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DEEP END MADE FOR A GOOD OLD FEELING.

Speaking of sending out zines for trade, I sent the last issue of Balance to the makers of Bad Egg. Rather than sending their latest issue, Ash sent this killer "athlete" t-shirt. Fuck yeah.

send money, or stamps, or something you made to:

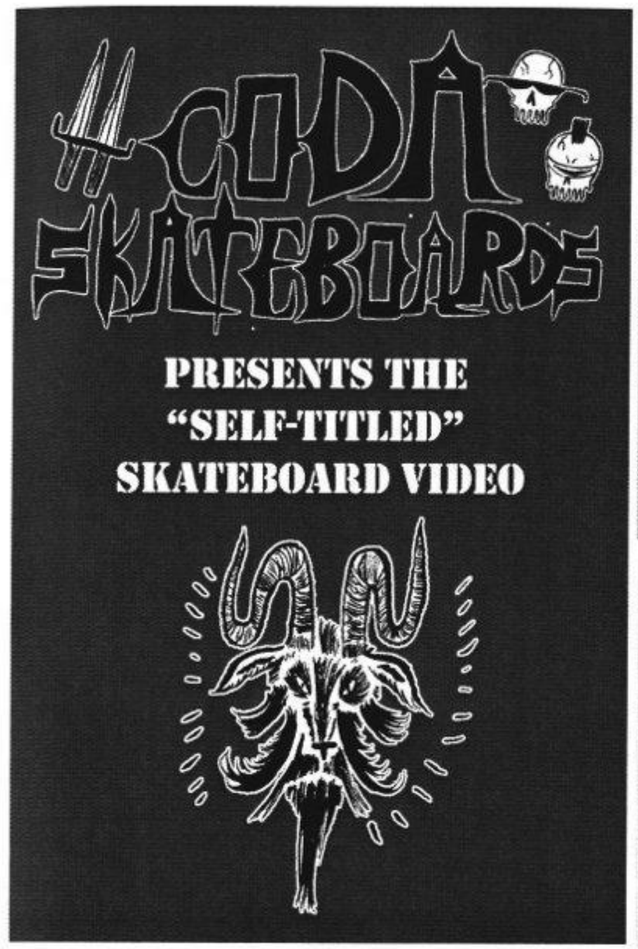
Bad Egg 1456 Syracuse St.
Denver, CO 80220

Pink Crack 2450 Louisiana St.
Wilmington, NC 28401

Sauce P.O. Box 42124
Portland, OR 97242

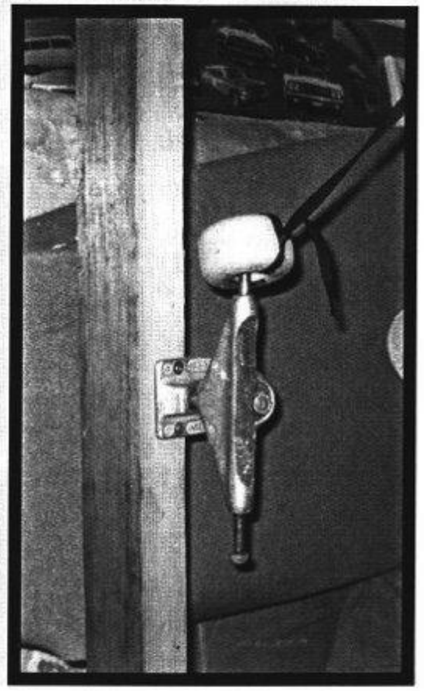
Local Chaos 2934 Verle
Ann Arbor, Mich 48108

Borderline Retarded (I don't know about the borderline part)
818 Addison St.
Philadelphia, PA 19147



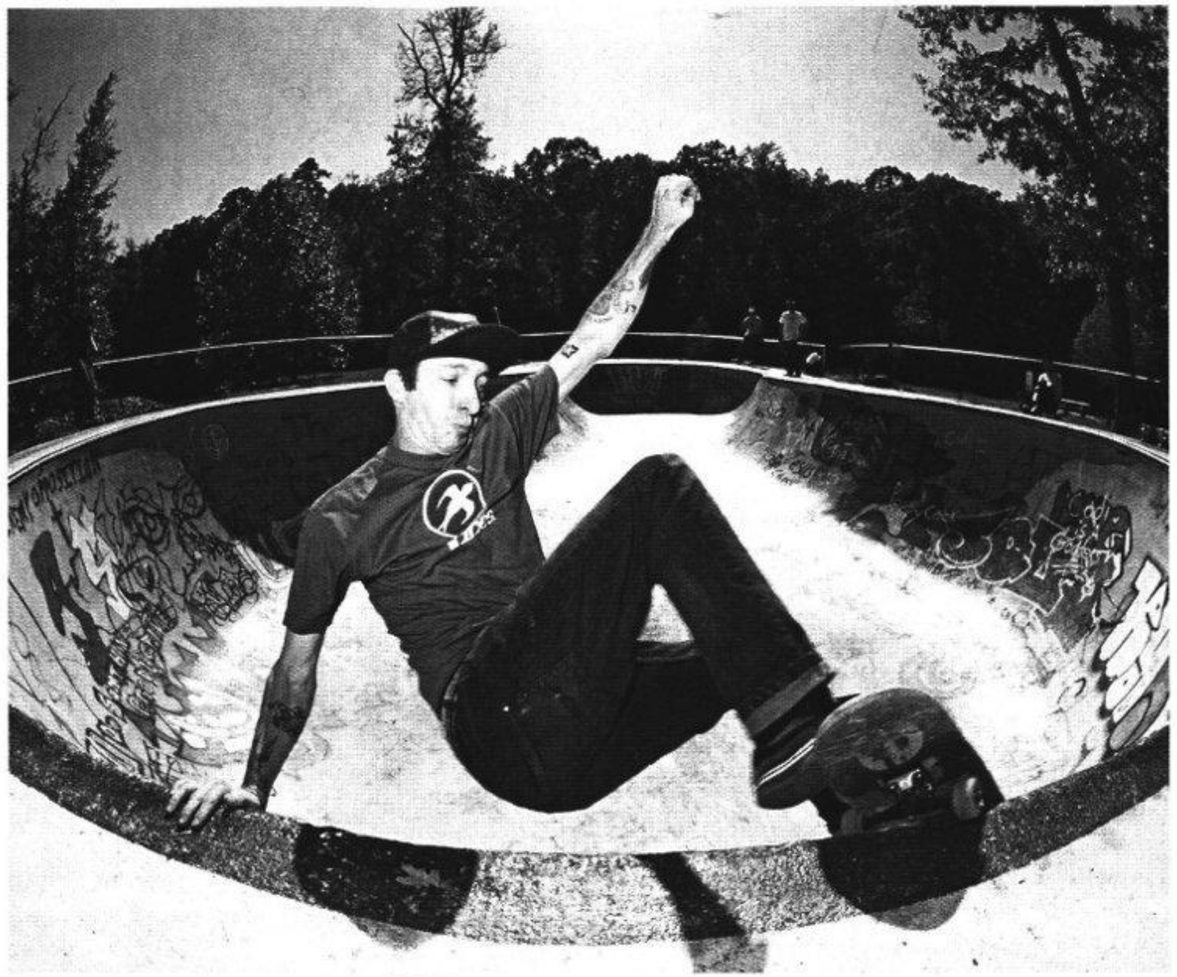
This video (or dvd) made me want to hit the raw streets, seek out weird spots and obstacles, find a spot to pour a little concrete. It made me hyped to just get out and roll. The scenery of the big dirty apple is kill and the music is right in tune. Plus the bonus section has the best footage I've seen of Groton (Connecticut's version of a bridge park - government biscuit made mega by skaters). Buy the movie at CodaSkateboards.com

Building a Wheel Game
(What to do with retired trucks and wheels)
1. Attach a truck to the wall with the hanger in the vertical position using wood screws or bolts. Remove the wheel nut.
2. Tie a string (shoelace works) to a wheel and tie the other end to the ceiling or something overhead.
3. Make sure the string or shoelace is just long enough for the wheel to hook on the axle when you swing it.
4. Swing the wheel like a pendulum and try to hook the wheel on the axle.
This presents a great opportunity for competition or, dare I say, gambling. See who can hook the wheel in the fewest tries. See who can hook the wheel more than once or the most times in a row. (I read in a Frank Gerwer interview that Julien Stranger rules this game and holds the record). This game has been around for a while. I played it at the International House more than ten years ago. Every skater's home, every skate shop, everyone should have one of these. They're like backyard ramps. Every setup is a little different and hooking the wheel is a lot like landing a trick. Some people arc (or carve) into it. Others go straight at it. Once you get it you feel like you've got it dialed and then you miss again and again. Endless frustrating fun.



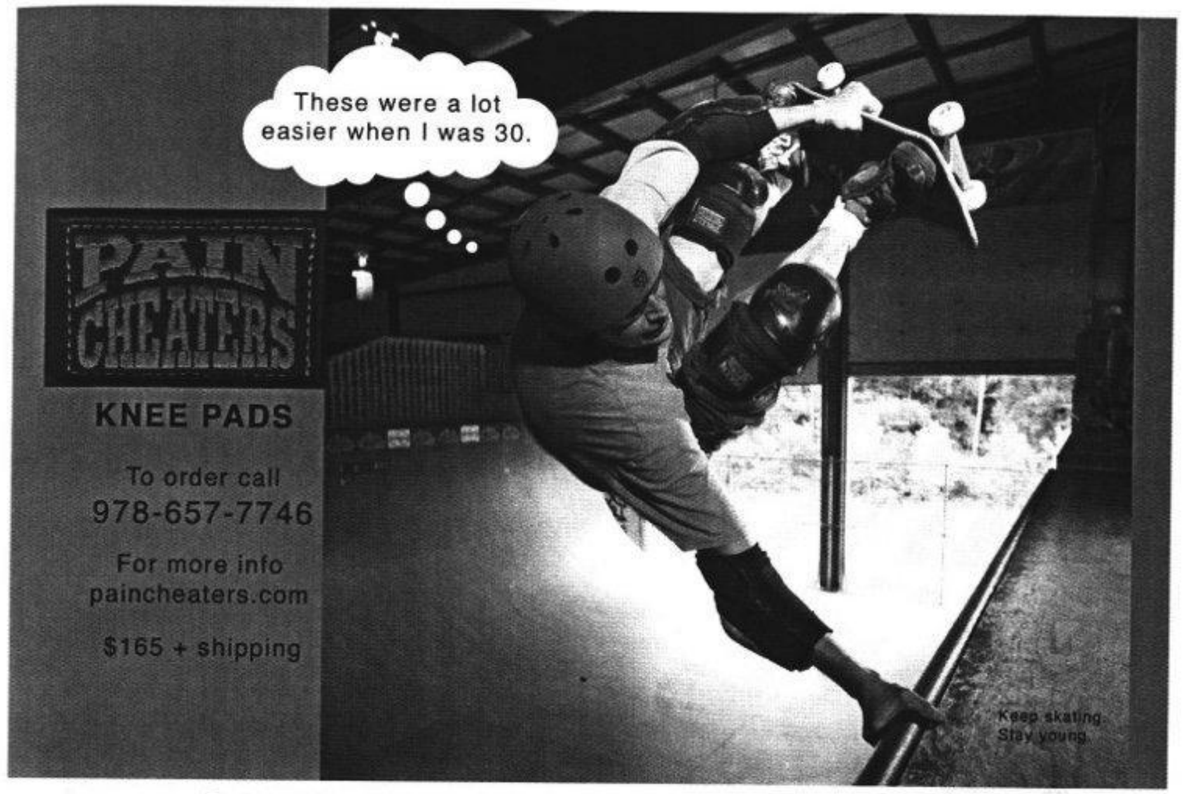
glass block coffin print by Blare Burkhart

Layback grinds are tough enough.



Jason Adams. Arkansas. photo © Rhino.

Josh Marcinizyn. Delaware. photo © Phil Jackson



SAFE SKATEBOARDING TIPS

from the
Philadelphia Skateboard Park
Penn and Pratt Streets ● Phildelphia, Penna. 19124
(215) 743-1000

Are you ready?

- ✓ wearing elbow pads, knee pads, helmet and gloves
- ✓ know your limitations

Is your board ready?

- ✓ wheel nuts secure
- ✓ grip tape not peeling
- ✓ truck base not cracked
- ✓ trucks the right tension
- ✓ all bearings in the wheel
- ✓ trucks secured tightly on board

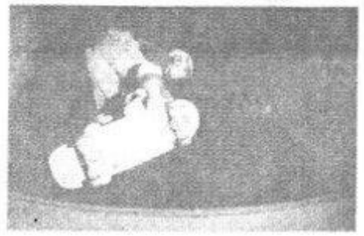
(AN INDOOR SKATEBOARD PARK)

Some Do's.....

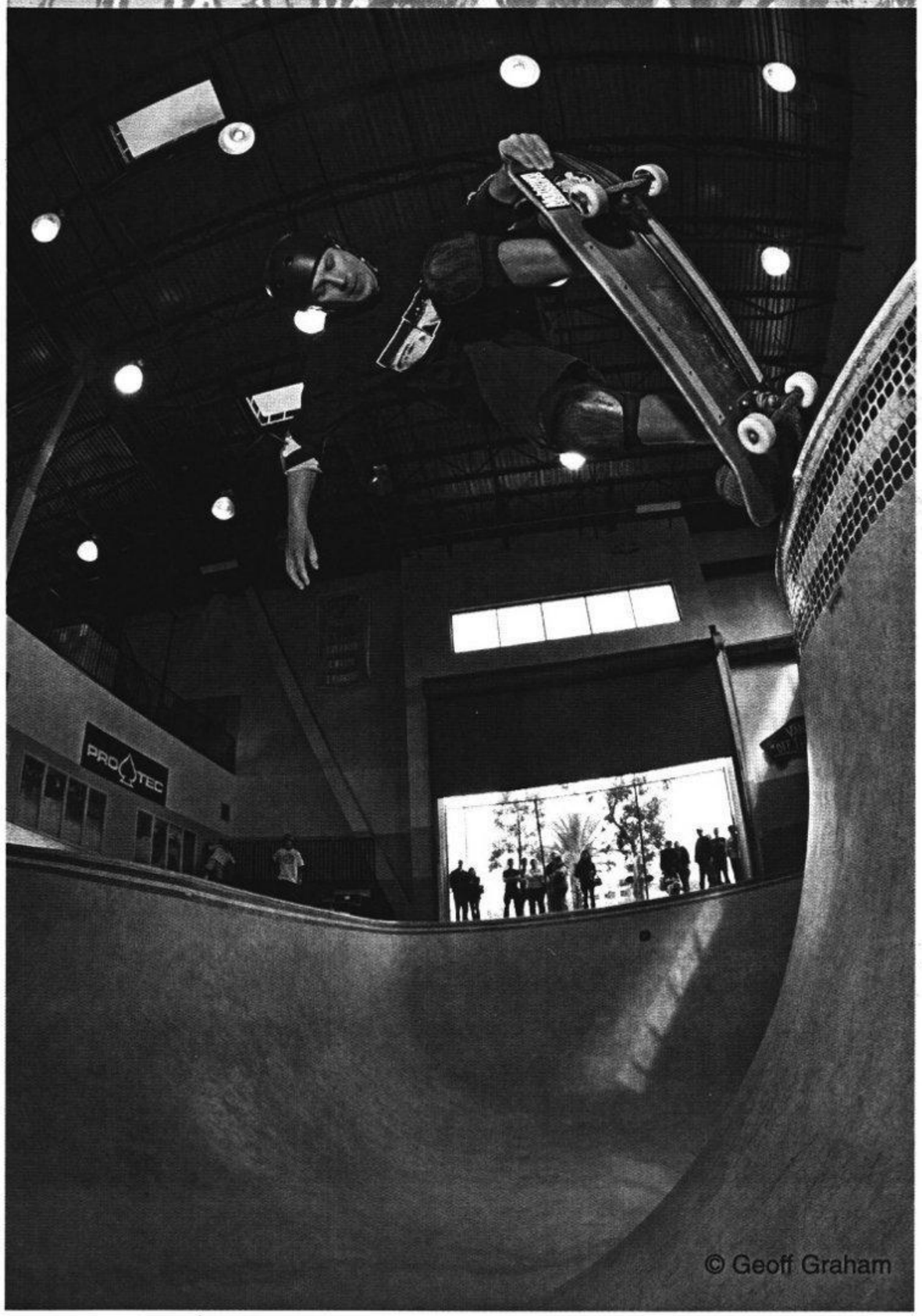
- periodically check and service your whole board ✓
- skate in skateboard parks ✓
- be courteous ✓

.....and Don'ts

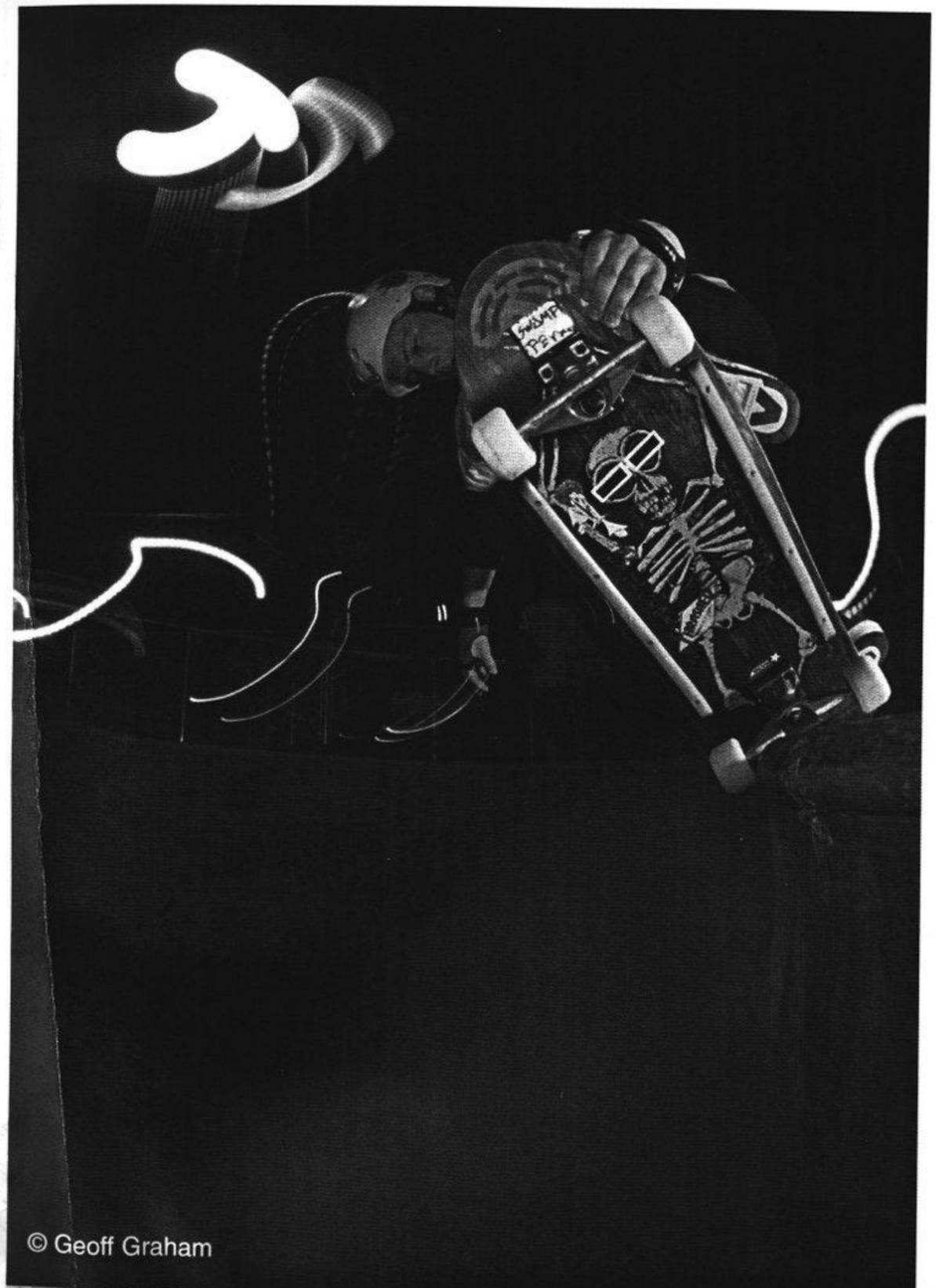
- skate alone X
- run into people X
- skate in the street X
- leave you board around to be stolen X
- skateboard without FULL safety equipment X



mild mannered crusher **TOM GROHOLSKI**
Orange, CA - 2008 - Vans Block - The Combi



© Geoff Graham



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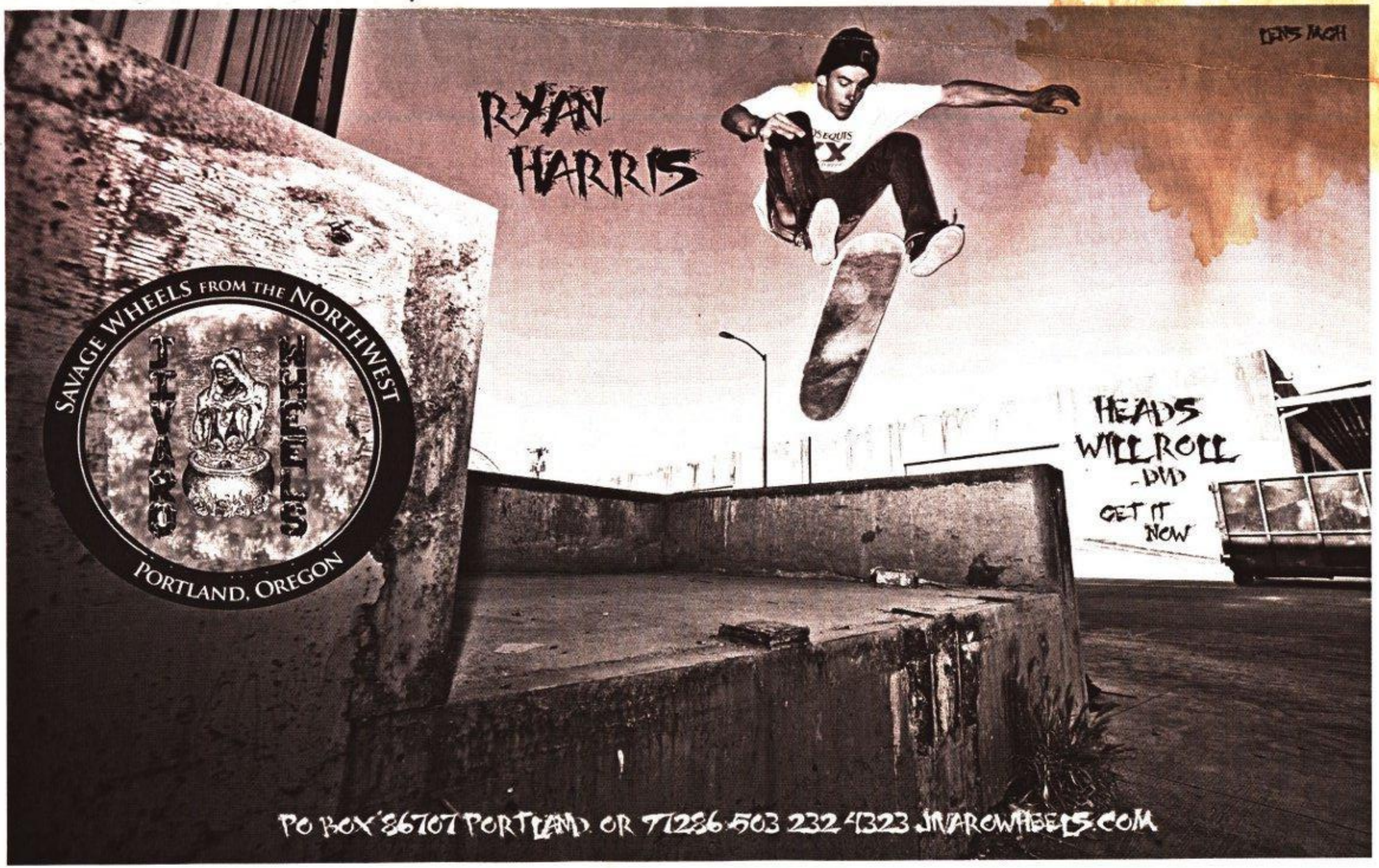
Jersey devil, hip tail tapper **TOM GROHOLSKI**
Daytona Beach, FL - 1991 I'd bet - Stone Edge - The Peanut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